1844 Dec. 22

La Fayette Dec. 22d 1844

My Dearest Mother

It is Sabbath, nevertheless, from the general tenor of your letter, which I received last night too late to answer then, I cannot but consider it a work of necessity and perhaps mercy, to undeceive you immediately. Had I thought it would have occasioned you so much uneasiness that former letter of mine would never have been written, although I thought I stated distinctly enough that I was rapidly recovering. I am now quite well and no mistake, I take my usual exercise, the Doctor says I can do just what I have been accustomed to before (wearing always the truss) and his attendance was dispensed with the day after I wrote my last. I am very much obliged to you indeed for the money you so kindly sent I am confident it will pay both for the truss and the Dr's. bill as he is a very reasonable man; as to the Christmas gift I can do without, for in the present state of the times, I would not tax you one cent more than I could possibly help. However if the bill exceeds my ability to pay (which I am sure it will not) be assured I will mention it shortly. I intended to have written to Aunt to-morrow, but this will serve the same purpose. After I sent my last I would have recalled it if I could for I feared it might make you unhappy. Much of your cou-

misseration my Dear Mother was wasted on me; as to the e-
metic, I can take dozens of them without difficulty and while
Pottenger was away there was no lack of friends to attend
to me; he has now returned and it is my lot to nurse him
now instead of him me. He is very dyspeptic and talks of
returning to the city. By the by if that letter of yours had
reached me on Monday or Tuesday, in all probability I would
have been in Harrisburg now, as I was wofully homesick from
weakness then. If you had seen me on Sunday I doubt if
you would have known me; a pale, emaciated, living skeleton
looked very little like I did when you saw me last or like I
do now; it is astonishing how rapidly I have regained my
flesh and strength; truly the Lord has been very merciful
to me. However, well as I am, I could not consider it my
duty to leave College now, neither would I enjoy the vacations
as much if I spent some time at home in the middle of
the vacation. To prove to you that I am no longer sick and
miserable I state that I have been writing odes to Buckwheat
cakes and other ridiculous rhymes, all of which you will du-
ly receive if we are spared till next vacation. How quick the
time passes, it seems but as a week since I came up and here
the session is nearly half over. We have had no snow yet and it
hardly seems like winter. I have not done any thing at your draw-
ing yet in consequence of the want of time, indeed I can
hardly get time to do anything but College duties, however I will
endeavor to finish it before the session is out. I have got
another squirrel, a playful, lively, little fellow of the red species;
his pranks are very amusing indeed. Now my Dear Mother you
must be perfectly easy on my account, for I assure you that

I am as well as ever and can walk, run, leap, wrestle, shinny, and in short every thing I ever could do and with the Doctor's permission. I am sorry I had to write this to day, but "necessity knows no law." my conscience acquits me, and I feel that he who looks down from above on all our actions will consider it no flagrant crime. I hope Ben and all the children will have a "happy Christmas" and "Merry New Year" and that Santa Claus will not be sparing of his visits to them. Do you remember the Christmas eve when one of my ~~brothers~~ uncle terrified me so? I suppose white puddings are plenty at H. I would like to be with you at Christmas but what must be must. Pottenger sends his respects. when I told him of my last letter to you he said he thought it would frighten you half to death but I would not believe him. - excuse my bad writing for I have a horrible pen. Give my love to father, Ben, Thomas, Aunt, Uncle and all relations & my respects to all friends. Write very soon and let me know that you feel perfectly easy on my account, now dont forget for you must recollect that other people can be uneasy too; if it were not Sunday I would write a quantity of rhyme to show you how happy I am. One good effect of this sickness that proves "it is all for the best," is that it will render our correspondence more regular. Let Ben & John put more post scripts in your next for it pleases me much to read their writing and note their improvement. That was an awful thing, the burning of the bridge, but I believe father had no share in it; had he? I must now conclude so "A happy Christmas to you." Adieu. May our good and merciful Lord watch over us, and protect us and enable us soon to meet.

Your affectionate son

James H. Stuart.

EASTON
DEC 21
Pa.

12½

Mrs. General John Forster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Penna.

1846 Apr. 4

Philadelphia, April 4 1846.

Dear Mother

I intended writing yesterday but, having engaged to take Mattie to the Medical Commencement, of course I did so and that prevented me. It was a fine sight. Several of my acquaintances graduated — McLean among the number, although I had no opportunity of speaking to him, the crowd was so great. Grandpa was worse, since I last wrote but is now again improving. If Stuart was here, it is probable I might be able to come now, but he has gone on a visit to Princeton and will not be back till next week, at the latter part of which, unless Grandpa gets worse, it is likely you may expect me. At all events, if unable to come I will write then and let you know. I am indeed sorry that circumstances have thus combined to prevent my seeing you at the usual time and it also grieves me much to hear of Father's loss. I hope it may not be as great as he at first estimated it. My eyes are now doing very well indeed. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness in sending the money. I had feared that you had written to Easton and your letter would not reach me. Give my best love to all our folks Father, Ben & Dod & Es. Also to my aunt, uncle & cousins. Adieu, May God bless you all.

Your affectionate son James H. Stuart.

P.S. If I come next week, Thursday or Friday will probably be the time.

Mrs. General John Foster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Pa.

1846 Apr. 28

Philadelphia Apr. 28th 1846

Dear Mother,

I write thus early in order that I may get an answer before leaving P. which I expect to do next Tuesday. Tell Father that I spoke to Uncle Levi on the subject of the guardianship. He gave no decided answer as to whether he would act in that capacity but he thinks that the best plan would be to get Grandpa Jaw to acknowledge the judgment first and then proceed accordingly. Perhaps he has already done so. Please write whether or not. He says that, if not, he will willingly write to him requesting him so to do. Ask Father whether in appointing a guardian it is necessary to acknowledge him in a Court of Justice or whether an acknowledgement in one's own handwriting is sufficient. Uncle Levi is very busy and, I suppose, circumstances would have considerable influence in determining his decision in respect to this matter. Of course the date of the judgment would have to be as early as possible. Have you a note from Grandpa acknowledging the receipt of the money? Is part of the estate irretrievably gone? If not, perhaps the amount might be recovered previous to the sale of the property, though that

is not very probable. If Uncle L. was certain that he would have to go to Mifflin but once he would have no hesitation in accepting the charge. I gave Grandpa the Dellies &c. He relished them very much indeed. He told me thank you for them in his prance and also sent his love. He is stronger than when I left, though not quite as well as he has been, but still more nervous than ever. The Dr. wants him to go to Cape May. I doubt much if he can get him off. Aunt Martha says she knows of no remedy for the piles but Mr. Douglass who was much afflicted with them tried Dr. Hickson's Pile Embrocation He says that it is rapidly curing him. If you would like a bottle I can get him to procure and send you one. While going with Harry McKain to choose some collars for him I accidentally met Mr. Ettla and had a long confab with him. Aunt Kate is not very well and Uncle Levi has sprained his back. All the rest are doing pretty well. Uncle William is expected home in a couple of weeks. I suppose Ben has got his musket by this time and is prepared to serve his country manfully for —

'He, who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.'

My Panther was considerably crumpled but 'it might be worse.' I suppose the woodpecker is safe by this time. Has Kelker made any more

opposition to the building of the house? Is the rope stretched yet? I suppose not, however. I saw Mrs. Van Horn safely in the hands of her friends. Have you got any more boarders since I left? Mrs. Tal seems to me well calculated to make boarders comfortable. If you see Wash. Bladen this summer it would be well not to say anything concerning the Patterson as he is courting one of the girls. Aunt Martha & Uncle Levi send their love to you & yours. So does Aunts Kate, Eliza, & Uncle D. & Mattie. I have not yet seen Aunt Carry & Uncle James. Write immediately, if possible. Direct to No. 59 Some[illegible] Give my best lo[illegible] to Father & Bro. Kiss Dod & Sis. Thank Father for all his kindness to me & Aunt for hers. Give my love to her & Uncle. My respects to Mrs. & the Misses Cole, Mrs. & Dr. Rutherford, Levi and all my acquaintances. Tell Levi, I have not forgotten my promise to him & he must keep his to me. Tell me all the news. Adieu. May every blessing follow you, that is desired by

Your own Son

James H. Stuart

Mrs. General John Foster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Penn.a

1846 Aug. 22

Philadelphia August 22nd 1846

Dear Mother,

I wrote to you from Easton some time since but, receiving no answer, I concluded you had not received it. Since my return Mrs Heron told me that you had got none while she was there and that strengthened the supposition. Consequently I write again from here. For a little while previous to my leaving Easton my health was very poor but I believe I am now recruiting. On my return, I was exceedingly surprised to find Grandpa's health so much improved. I could hardly realize it. He now takes pretty good sized walks and is out riding nearly every day, either in a cab, omnibus or steam boat, taking long excursions each time. Truly the Lord has been good to him. Our class passed its examination very creditably. We all came off with flying colors. Dr. Gray who was present, said it was the best examination he had ever seen and J. M. Porter, ex judge, ex Secretary of War, L.L.D. &c &c. (what humbugs these titles are!) expressed the same opinion. I don't say this to brag for my own opinion is and always was, that examinations are poor indices of scholarship. For a poor student

may, and frequently does, from superior influence or some other extraneous cause, pass better than a good one. However the examination is over and (should the Lord spare us to see it) on the seventeenth of next month we will acquire the learned and interesting title of A.B. They are going to make us all speak. It is a bore I had hoped to be free from but there is no evading it; it is peremptory. What is worse, there being so many (19) of us, we can only have ten minutes a piece, and every writer knows it is tenfold harder to compress a speech to ten minutes than extend it to two hours. Uncle William, Aunt Kate and little Sis are up at Lawrenceville on a visit to Harry. They are, I believe, well. The rest of our family are in pretty good health. Stuart Mitchell had another attack of the Piles, but he is pretty well over that. He says he would like to pay you a visit but for several reasons is unable. So he contents himself with sending his kindest regards to you & father, also Aunt & Uncle. Aunt Eliza and Mattie were at Columbia (or rather Marietta) for two or three weeks and only returned yesterday. Dr. Abernethy of Easton was advising me to take a trip after I graduate, of a week or ten days to the great pine swamp, some 30 miles from E. He says it would be good for my health. Dr. Darrach too, who attends Grandpa says I ought to have the mountain or sea air for a little time. This Pine Swamp (it is a forest and not a swamp, why it is called so I know not) is in a high, hilly section of country. Dr. A. says the trip he spoke about would cost perhaps $10. If I went, however, I should go with a young Medical student of his who has

friends and relations in that region, and consequently the expenses would be materially diminished. Uncle Levi talks something of going to Cape May in the course of the winter Duck shooting. If he does, Aunt Martha wants me to accompany him. Stuart Mitchell, and a friend of his went on an excursion of two weeks down the river and enjoyed themselves very much shooting and fishing. I was obliged to get some of my teeth filled and plugged up at Easton. They were done in a very handsome and durable manner and, for the work bestowed upon them, the price ($12) though large in itself, was relatively cheap. I should not have incurred such a debt but that it was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the teeth that it should be done and the natural teeth, you know, are much more useful, and cheaper too than the artificial which I would soon have been obliged to use if this job had not been done. If you have written to E. I will get the letter doubtless, for I left strict directions that any letter for me should be redirected and sent on here. When you write, please direct to No. 59 Lombard St. Phil'a Pa. That will reach me direct. How is father, Ben, Yourself, Maggie &c? I trust, all well. Cousin Mary sends her love, as does also Grandpa and the rest of our folks have given me standing orders always to send theirs when I write. Give mine to Pattie, Ben, Mag. and Dodo & Aunt, Uncle & Cousins. My respects to the Stutes and other friends. Cousin Mary often talks of you all. Write as soon as you can with convenience. Adieu

Your affectionate Son James H. Stuart (A.B.)?

PHILADELPHIA
AUG
22
5

Mrs. General John Foster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Pa.

1846 Sept. 5

Philadelphia September 5th 1846.

Dear Mother

I had intended mentioning in my last that owing to the bother of writing speeches & other preparations for Commencement I would be unable to come up until that important affair is decided, but I forgot to. It seems almost providential (though all things are that) that I didn't come as I am so prone to catch fever and ague. Since last writing to you I have been far from well. Had a great deal of dyspepsia &c. which as Dr. Darrach says, has affected my whole system. Caused pain in the sides & chest, a very sore throat & other troubles. It is a very little better now. Our Commencement comes off Wednesday week, and I expect to go up to Easton on next Saturday. I received your other kind letter and was very much obliged indeed for the money contained in it though very sorry that you denied yourself the little luxuries it might have procured you. The death

of Mrs. Chelker grieves me much. She was a quiet and unostentatious woman but possessed of many virtues. I was also sorry to hear that Father & Ted & Mag had been ill, as well as Aunt and her children. I think you didn't mention how your own health was, but hope it is better than when I left. Since I have been in the city I have been very busy and the weather has been very hot or I should have written again to you. Grandfather's health varies with the weather. There is not much now the matter with him but dyspepsia and consequent weakness. To day he complains, but all do now; for the Thermometer is 95° in the shade and 125° in the sun. He is and has been all day at Haight's Point. My Dear Mother, I have pretty nearly concluded that the Lord has not called me to the work of the ministry and that it now becomes my duty to seek some other profession of usefulness. I am not by any means decided what (if the Lord spares my life to enter any) I shall choose, and need advice. The law I never thought of. It is a starving trade for a pious young man; Mr. Douglass advises me to be a surgeon; Mattie tells me that my aunts generally think Medicine would suit me. I, however, (from what little I have seen of it) think that dentistry furnishes a broader field for a livelihood and, at the same time is a useful and necessary employment. Ask father's advice on the sub-

just and give your own as fully as possible – for I need it all. I hope that God's blessing will be on my choice whatever it be, for I believe sincerely that I am, in this thing, doing my duty. How is Dr. & Mrs. Rutherford and Levi. I presume that he (Levi) will attend lectures this winter in the city. Mattie had made arrangements to accompany me up this fall to fulfil her long delayed promise; but if, on account of the house or otherwise, it will be inconvenient just mention it and, of course, it will be all right. As to the Pine Forest I believe it would perhaps be prudent not to go, not on account of the Hernia for that, I hope, is cured; but I might get the chills or something of that kind. My Aunts are pretty well. All send their best love to you. So do Cousin Mary, Grandpa and Aunt. Mattie & Aunt E. send theirs. All my aunts particularized but you know their names and it is unnecessary to recapitulate. They also sent love to Father & Aunt. Give mine to Father & Ben, Aunt & Uncle, Mag, Dod & my Cousins. My respects to the Sleers & Dr. Rutherford's family & all other acquaintances. It is so dark I can scarcely see the lines so I must cease. Adieu. May God bless you all

Your affectionate son

James H. Stuart.

Write soon if possible.

Mrs. General John Foster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Pa

1846 Oct. 14

Philadelphia, October 14th 1846

Dear Mother,

I had intended coming on Tuesday but was delayed and would have come to day had it not rained yesterday. Just before taking my passage for to morrow, I called on Dr. Darrach who advised me not to come up just yet on account of a slight indisposition for which he has been attending me. When I can come exactly I do not know. In a day or two I hope, or a few days at farthest. I cannot tell you how much disappointed I was, having packed up & all ready except taking my passage. I will, you may be sure come as soon as I can. Should any letters arrive for me keep them till I come, unless they seem of importance. Give my love to all. Adieu.

Your affectionate son (in haste)

James H. Stuart.

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Mrs. General John Forster
River bank
Harrisburg
Pa.

1847 JAN. 29

Philadelphia, Jan. 29th 1847.

Dear Mother,

Having now waited a month without receiving an answer to the letter I wrote you the Saturday after my arrival here, I begin to fear that you must be sick or something of the kind and accordingly consider it proper to write again. If you are unwell get somebody else to write for you and inform me of it. I had rather know it at once than imagine e[illegible] Perhaps you did not receive my letter, or maybe you w[illegible] and the letter miscarried. At all events do not now [illegible] to let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Since my last letter several circumstances have transpired of interest to you. Uncle Robinson Moore is dead! He died a few weeks ago very suddenly. I was at the time, spending the evening at Aunt Martha's when a messenger came to tell us of it. Uncle Levi and myself immediately went up there. Poor Martha was almost inconsolable. He had been in excellent health until within a day or two when he complained slightly of influenza. On the evening in question he had retired early. Martha was in the next room, when she heard a slight groan. Rushing in she found him – dead. It was a dreadful shock. Physicians were immediately sent for, but it was too late. Apoplexy had done its work. It was rather singular that he should be taken by this disease since he was

a remarkably abstemious man. Martha was, at the time, writing a letter to a friend in which she had just written "But oh if he should be taken how could I say "Thy will be done?" speaking of the possible death of her father. He was taken. Yet I believe she now says it humbly and truthfully. Hopes were entertained of Uncle's conversion prior to his death. His funeral was a splendid one. The Masons, the Custom house officers, and the Hope Hose company, all participated in the ceremonies besides an uncommon number of friends and acquaintances. On the morning of the same day Isaac Norris a well known merchant fell dead in the street from the same disease.

Uncle James Dickson was down here for two or three days. Aunt Mary was well. He himself was much better than when I last saw him and Tom (who was down with him) was the perfect picture of health. He brought a deer along with him.

We have moved to a much nicer house than the one we formerly occupied. It is also in Lombard St. just below 2d. So when you write direct to No. 21. Lombard St.

I have seen Levi Rutherford frequently since my arrival here. He looked thin when I first saw him but he is much better now. I have been considerably in company since coming down. More so than I desired a good deal. Singular as it may seem yet is it a fact that I have not as much time that I can call my own now as when at College. What with the attention that my friends exact, the writing I must necessarily perform, and the study of History and a touch of Philos, I am pretty well hampered. Besides I must take some exercise.

Is Uncle James yet in Harrisburg? And Grandpa, is he yet with you? It is pretty much a settled affair

between Marsh Bladen and Miss Patterson. He told me so, but does not, I suppose, wish it extensively promulgated. She is one of the family in whom we have such good reason to take an interest. And (for aught we know) her dower may consist of that which ought in justice to fill Grandma's coffers. Really it is quite a romantic affair this - A young man wedding the daughter of his relative's enemy. I see from the papers that Mrs. Whale has applied for her divorce. Has she got it? Her brother in law is a dancing master in this city. How are all the folks at Slates? Give my best respects to them. How are all our folks? Have you named the young one yet? Grandfather was much pleased with and thankful for the [illegible] He sends his love to you and father. I saw Ettla [illegible] day or so ago here. He is in Mr. Sexto[illegible] How are Dr. Rutherford's people, Major & Mrs. Hurow, [illegible] Major Porter's family coming on. Give my best respect to them all. Tell the Dr. that Levi wants a letter from him. We have had very fine weather since this month commenced, cold and bracing but still much pleasanter than damp and warm would have been. Is Aunt Elizabeth's health improving? Write soon. Give my love to Father, Ben & Dudy and all our folks. My respect to friends and regards to acquaintances. All our folks send love. Each one desired to be particularly remembered. Adieu. May God bless and preserve you ever.

Your affectionate son

James H. Stuart.

Mrs. General John Foster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Pa.

1847 Mar. 15

Philadelphia March 15th 1847.

Dear Mother,

I have, as you probably know by this time, sent a couple of letters already, one by mail and the other (a note) by Henry Mitchell, to you. But as I suppose you will, of course, consider your letter an answer to them, I write another as well as an abominable steel pen will permit.

I showed your letter to Mattie. With her usual good humor she at once expressed her satisfaction with any arrangement it was convenient for you to make and her hope that she would soon be able to see you. I believe their family are going up to Wayne Co. on a visit to Uncle Dickson's family in July.

With regard to my coming up, I cannot name the exact day. It will probably be Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. Our folks here are very reluctant to part with me though they acknowledge it is for my good. — Dr. Darrach has just called to see Grandpa. He would like me to study in the city, but I said no to that. He is an Uncle of Mrs. Graham the schoolteacher's wife.

I was very sorry to hear of Willy's death. Mrs. Heron will be at a great loss to know where to find another as suitable. I hope

however, she will not be greatly inconvenienced. As to Andrew Mahaffey, I know very little about him. If he is an object of interest to you however, I wish him well.

The refusal of the Senate to confirm Major Foster's nomination did not at all surprise me. They had a very sufficient reason. He was a Democrat and they were whigs. I must say however that Charley Gibbons went to a great deal of unnecessary trouble to procure his rejection and, as he is, at present, the divinity of the upper house, the rest were obliged to yield to him. His brother, the Dr. is a much finer man from what I can see.

Poor Ben must be greatly chagrined by the breaking up of the Military school, – but no I forgot. He was tired of it before I left Ho. I hope Frederick Partridge will only be "winged" not "drilled" in the war. Do you know what company he will join and in what capacity?

Do you know if Dr. Rutherford's new student is the same that he expected before? Give my best respects to the Dr. & Mrs. R. Also to Levi.

I hope the colored people will succeed in their attempt at school building and I hope moreover, that when their school is built they will stay in it for they are troublesom people out of doors.

Uncle Levi sold out a few days ago to his brother Humphrey all his right, title and interest in the carpet store. He thinks too that they sold you all the carpet they had of that kind. However

if you wish it, he will make enquiries and see if he can procure any more for you.

I think I mentioned in one of my last epistles a splendid double barreled gun for $30. It is still for sale and Grandpa has since signified his intention of giving me $25 for spending money. Well I am willing to cramp myself and do without spending money for 6 months if I can get the gun but $25 is $5 too little.

Give my best respects to the Slade girls and Josephine.

Has Abbey gone yet? What has become of that delectable individual Mr. Whale. And that mystery of the purse, what of it?

I have been very busy since New Year at different employments - some useful - some not very, but all necessary.

Grandfather is pretty brisk now a days. Cousin Martha Moore and the Pattersons live together. The former is quite ill. She is the last of her family and I fear that in a few weeks more it may be said of them "They are gone, - all gone"

We have really singular weather now.

If you haven't already done so I guess it would be as well to set down my name with the Dr. His charge is for the whole term and a few days make no difference in that, though they do when one is about to graduate at one of the Schools.

Give my love to all. Our folks send individual love. Write as soon as possible. Adieu. I'm hopes to see you soon

Your son

James H. Stewart.

Mr. General John Forster
River Bank
Harrisburg
Pa.

1849 Mar. 12

Philadelphia, March 12th 1849

Dear Mother,

I have time to write but a very short letter and quite possibly it may be the last before you see me again. I should have sent it by Major Heron, but for the uncertainty of his seeing you. Charley Stuart tells me that both you and father have been unwell for some time, for which I feel quite grieved, and somewhat uneasy. I attribute your silence to that cause. Our session closes with this month, and I am well satisfied that it does. I have applied myself conscientiously to my studies during the whole of it and can truly say that I don't think I have half an hour wasted to regret. My health has been excellent until very recently, when an attack of ague caused me to lose a day's lectures, the only ones this session, but is now reinstated again and I am beginning to recover flesh and strength. Our rooms look rather slim, owing to the number of students who have left and the men themselves present a very different appearance from what they did in the beginning of the session. Grandpa still continues as usual. No perceptible change has occurred in him. I regret to inform you that Aunt Kitty Marks is no more. She died on Friday morning, I think, and was buried this afternoon. I could not

learn the particulars of her death, but believe it was owing to the sudden suppression of an Erysipelatous eruption, causing the disease to take an internal direction.
Elvira Linn was here yesterday. She sends a great deal of love to you. I hear from Aunt Kate and Cary occasionally. The former has been pretty much sick all winter and is a great advocate of Homœopathy, slightly crazed on the subject I should judge from her letters, and the same august subject is occupying Uncle William's brain at present. The latter is not by any means well either, and fears she will not be able to raise poor Tom, her eldest boy. Stuart Mitchell came to town on Friday and will stay a few days. He preached for Mr. D. last night at the Marine's — an excellent discourse and very highly thought of, on "the fear of God." Mr. D. pronounced it a remarkable production for a young man. It was extemporaneous. There is one book I wish to procure, and in fact, will need before coming up; viz "Wood's Practice". I have drawn so much from Mr. D. that I scarcely feel at liberty to call on him for the money; and, not having been extravagant this winter; moreover, not having called upon you for the white Marseilles vest, I do not hesitate to mention it to you. The price is $5,50 cts. — and a cheap book for that too. I was at one of Prof. Wood's parties the other night. Every thing went off very well and very handsomely.
The examination for Army Surgeons comes off in May. Ten new ones are wanted. If this was my last session I think it quite likely I should apply. Most likely a number

of our graduates will. Aunt Martha and family are well, as are the Douglass family. Cousin Mary and Grandpa send much love. I see Mr. Harris sometimes. He seems well. How is Wash, Bill, Ben & the others? Has father perfectly recovered? Ask Ben if he has read "Scenes in the Rocky Mountains, California, and Texas, by a New Englander". I met a young man the other night, who had lived among the Trappers and Indians, hunted Buffalo in Oregon, and visited California but left it before the discovery of the gold mines. Give my love to father and the boys, aunt, uncle & cousins. Remember me to all my friends. I hope to see you before long. Write soon to

Your affectionate Son

James H. Stuart.

Mrs. Gen. John Forster
Front Street
Harrisburg
Pennᵃ.

[1849?] June 29

Phil. June 29th

Dear Mother,

I have just returned from the funeral & sit down to write you a few lines.
When I arrived, Aunt Cary was here, much to my astonishment; She had come down, intending to accompany Aunt Martha to Cape May, and they had fixed upon to morrow to start. But Grandpa's death will prevent them from going till Monday. Dr. Patterson has recommended her to stay a month, but it is doubtful if she can. They would like me to go along, and, had I time, I certainly should like much to do so.
The funeral was well attended and uncommonly solemn. He was laid beside dear Grandma in the old Pine St. Churchyard where he had always wished to repose. — It is singular what a vacancy his departure leaves. We all feel it is a joyful exchange, but there is a void in our hearts. Poor Cousin Mary is almost inconsolable. He slept away, dying at 5 o'Clock on Wednesday Morning. His last words were on Tuesday evening, to Mary "God is good." What a joyful end! Oh, would to God, we may all die as well.

The house is full. Last night I slept on the sofa. It was a terrible night. The rain fell in sheets and, as the windows were shut, it was very oppressive.

I would come home to morrow, but must stay to attend to my books &c. I will probably have to send them to Harrisburg. They are sadly in want of a resting place. - I expect to return on Monday. It is very lonely here. Everything reminds me of my loss. Mary is left $300. She deserved it - and more too. She desires to be affectionately remembered to you & father. She says that Grandpa, after you left, frequently talked of you both, & of Ben.

Aunt Carry sends her warmest love. Her kind heart always beat lovingly to you, and she is very anxious to see you. It is possible they may return by H. I urged it on them. She saw ~~Mrs.~~ Eldred & is much pleased with her.

Eliza Linn sends her love. She looks very well. Dr. Cuyler - and, indeed all your old friends send love. - Aunt Martha regretted your short stay very much. Aunt Eliza, Mattie & Mr D. send love. Dr. Toulles is said to be doing well. I have not seen him yet.

The Cholera is the great topic of conversation.

here. You have probably seen in the papers a notice of the Sanitary measures adopted in the city. – Paregoric, Laudanum &c. are in great demand. The diseases of the place generally partake of a Cholaroid type.

Mrs McKee regretted not having seen you when here. She looks well.

My Aunts bear Grandpa's death with great resignation and cheerfulness. Indeed there was every thing about it to comfort us: – His exemplary life; his fervent Christianity; his fulness of days his debility; and the great bodily suffering he would have undergone owing to the ulceration of his back, all tended to comfort us that he died when he did. And it was providential that Uncles Levi & James had not started with their families, but were on the spot.

Dr. Cuyler preached a very affecting sermon. He is indeed a kind good man.

There are many will miss Grandpa, both in the church and out of it. It is a comfort to feel he was so respected. Adieu.

Your affectionate Son

James H. Stewart.

Mrs. Gen John Foster
Harrisburg
Penna

1850 Mar. 2

Philadelphia, March 2d, 1850.

Dear Mother,

It is rather early to answer your letter, but you know I am always prompt in my correspondence, and it is a delightful thing even to converse in this unsatisfactory manner with you. But, besides this, Mr. Douglass & family are going to H. on Monday and Aunt Eliza has kindly offered to be "the bearer of despatches" to you. So, though I have no news to tell nor much of anything to say, I will endeavor to do a little small talk on paper, confident that you will read it all without going to sleep.

I got a letter from Ben the other day; he is improving in his penmanship, and also very much in orthography. He will soon write quite a respectable epistle. When you next write, tell him not to be offended if I dont reply till after examination. I may be able to and I may not; at all events, he mustnt feel hurt if I cannot. I am sorry you have been unwell and hope most sincerely that you are now completely recovered. You mention three deaths in your last. I judge from that that the sickness is considerable, but presume it makes no difference whatever to the partying portion of the community. It would be too un

kind to ask them to stop their round of pleasures and amusements and think a moment of death, the grave and the judgment! Much of the folly and gaiety of H. as well as of every other place, is owing to the imprudent conduct of professors of religion, who give dancing parties in their houses, tolerate Sunday visiting and manifest by their whole conduct and conversation that they are wholly given up to worldly pleasures and enjoyments. What is the use of church membership, if professors of religion are not distinguished by the slightest mark from the world around — not even by attending prayer meeting — for many do not, while many who are not connected with the church do. Who is the "Bride from the garrison" that you speak of? How are all the people coming on at Mrs. Dall's, Dr. Mahaffey, "Telluraph" and all the rest of them? Are the children all well. I do wish I could see you all just for a moment. It would be quite refreshing — and I could go to these dry lectures with wonderful vigor. I am getting tired of the session. All the other schools have ceased, and we have a month of hard seats & ceaseless vigilance yet. But a busy life is a happy one. I may before long wish for those benches again, when either annoyed by want of practice or fatigued by too much. But it is human nature to look ahead "than never is, but always to be blessed."
I sometimes feel as if I wished to be a boy again, with

my gun on my shoulder, or my fishing rod in my hand, and think from the responsibilities of the future. But it is an unmanly feeling, and I try to dismiss it as soon as possible. My wish is to be respected & beloved; to pursue my duty quietly & conscienciously & leave the rest with providence. I wish to act as a gentleman and a Christian, and if I cannot succeed in the practice of Medicine without compromising those characters I will forsake it. The profession is overrun with incompetent and ungentlemanly men and I must pursue it without identifying myself with them or not pursue it at all. — Remember me to our friends, - Mrs. Bishop's family, Dr. Rutherford's, Mrs. Doll's household. Give my love to father; kiss the children and tell them it is from me. Aunt Martha, Uncle Levi, and their family are well. Aunt Eliza will answer in propriâ personâ for hers.

I don't know exactly when our Commencement occurs; the examination commences on the 11th & lasts two weeks. I will probably not be able to write again till that is over. I have often thought lately what magnificent nights you must have had on the river bank for the last week or so.

Answer soon

Your affectionate son

James H. Stuart.

Mrs. Genl. John Forster
Front Street
Harrisburg
Penna.

Politeness
of
Mrs. Douglas

1850 July 3

Erie July 3d 1850

Dear Mother,

I received your kind letter this morning and only took time to smoke a pipe and talk an hour to some friends who called, before sitting down to answer it. You must excuse me if it sounds a bit the sleepy for I was up in the night to see a patient, and rose early this morning to write again. I am half sorry you told me so much about Worth Cumberland and Cantwell for it made me half regret not going to the former place. Not that I feel at all discouraged in reference to success in Erie, but my prospects here have been and will be slow, however, since it may be, and you know now how anxious I am to be doing a good business soon. The place is very healthy and there are a number of physicians here, so that for me to succeed as I wish, some of them must suffer. Now, they are not, generally speaking, formidable rivals, but all of them have greatly the advantage of me in point of age and most of them are married. Still, I feel a consciousness of superiority, young as I am, which will not permit me to doubt of having, in time, the best practice in Erie. This may sound conceited, but my opinion is based on observation and reflection. Excepting Drs. Wood and Blair, I am the only physician here

who has been born and educated a gentleman, and, however people would sneer at such a thing, it has its full weight. The Homœopathic Dr. has a large practice & has succeeded in killing two or three since my arrival. He has now got the Rev. Mr Lyon in a fair way to die soon too. I think his reign is nearly over, but I would prefer him to stay a few months till I can become more generally known. My practice is very small yet, but with every prospect of increasing soon. I believe I am generally liked, particularly by the few patients who have consulted me. Mr Shaw ever yet succeeded by frequent changes, so I shall give Erie a fair trial and stay until I am positive of either doing well or the reverse. If it was not for Lou, I should feel less anxiety to get into immediate practice, for I have no fear at all of ultimate success wherever I choose to practice. Had it not been for her I should have stuck in Pb, confident of success even there in time. I am glad you love Lou, and pray that the time is not distant when you can call her daughter. Of course it is unnecessary to go into raptures about her. You know by my love to you only what it must be to the one now of all the world, the dearest I like Erie very much, - better than now I know of it. If I could forget Harrisburg I would soon become very much attached to it. The people are not as warm hearted as in Pb. but they are very clever indeed. No fear of my forgetting Pb. Dear Mother, should I ever acquire a competence it is my in-

tention to return to H. and spend my time in adding comfort to your evening days. There never was such a sweet place and never will be. All my most pleasant and holy associations cluster around it, and if ever I forget it, it will only be when eternal oblivion falls upon me. I got a letter from Aunt Martha. They were all well & expected the McClains in a few days. Another from Lis McClain stated the same thing. Stuart Mitchell was here on his way West & will be here again on Saturday and Sunday on his way east. Maff Graydon, Aunt & Sam Cole have written to me. The letter, a very long letter, I believe from a true friend & doubt not he will do well at the bar. — The Society here is very large. Dancing & Euchre playing are fashionable amusements. Strange to say, for a Western town, the ladies bear ~~the~~ a very ~~small~~ large proportion to the gentlemen. — I was amused at your description of poor Mr Graydon's forced visit. I wish him every happiness with his bride. "May his shadow never be less." Rumor is a very fickle dame, and she has never tarried more with any two persons than those worthy individuals Dr. Bob Harris and Stacy Potter. No fear of either of them having H. They know when they are comfortable & the one would far rather be about Mr's than wade the mire of Centreville, while the other doubtless prefers Old Haldeman's gold mines to the pleasures of California. When you answer Uncle Sam's Letter, give my love to him. I earnestly hope he will succeed, — and he is the right

kind of man to do so. If you see the Howes, Sarah etc. remember me very kindly to them. I have a very capacious memory and will forget any of my friends. May she have a long and happy life with her husband. How I would like to see them all. — There isn't a person who ever set foot in Gb. that I would not be glad to see. Since my arrival here I trust I have done good both to bodily and mental infirmities. "Ministering to a mind diseased," is one of the hardest of a physician's tasks, but I think not from the performance of any duty. I find my conscientiousness a considerable drawback in the way of making money. I will not give medicine when people don't need it and then they won't pay me. But I had rather lose than stretch my conscience. Have you heard from George? I expect he is doing well, having a happy knack of being "hail fellow, well met," with every body. How is Levi? How are all my friends, Cassy Harris & Mrs. Harris included? Tell me about them all. Give my best regards to father & to Ben when you write. Remember me individually to all the household, Mrs Jenny, Telemaque & Dr. Mahaffey etc. to Dr. R. & family & all other enquiring friends. Write very soon again. You had better burn this letter, lest any one should see the allusions to Dr. Adrian.

Your affectionate son

James H. Stuart

P.S. Excuse writing — miserable steel pens. Squire Wallace sends his regards. J.H.S.

1851 JUNE 15

Phil. June 15th 1851.

Dear Mother,

I ought perhaps to have written to you before, but have been so occupied as scarce to find leisure, and, moreover, have more incident to relate now than if I had been in a greater hurry. The State Society met immediately after my arrival. As the proceedings were reported in the public papers it is unnecessary for me to particularize. You probably saw my name in the Committee to nominate officers. I met Dr. Aid of Lewistown there. He was a delegate, & seemed much pleased when I introduced myself. After the adjournment we all partook of a handsome collation given by the Committee of Arrangement & Reception. Everything good to eat, drink, & smoke was there. Toasts were drank and altogether we had a very pleasant time. Among others, Prof. Jackson gave "The Erie Co. Med. Soc." and I being the only delegate from there, was obliged to respond. It was a new position for me, but I didn't balk and closed my oration with "Gov Johnson. May he sign the Registration Bill". — During the session of the Soc. we were invited to several places of entertainment to most of which we went. My old medical friends here met me very kindly and Jackson particularly seemed pleased that one whom he had respected as a student should prove honored by others as a physician. I have seen a good deal of him in the city. He wanted me to sup with him last night, but meeting Tom Jordan I took tea with him & went round to Jackson's afterward. He, (Jackson) has an instrument for measuring the vital capacity of the lungs. I tried it and went up to his highest mark, 280. Only one other man of the hundreds who had tried had reached that & he was 6 ft 2½ in. high.

Some who had tried were men weighing over 200 lbs. I have seen Will De Witt in the City. He was the same old Will. I went on Monday week to New Hope to see Tom Corson & remained till Saturday. We had great times. All sorts of fun; frog hunting &c. We killed 37 frogs, fine big fellows, in two hours, and ate them too.
On Wednesday Tom and I rode down to Hartsville, & after making the slight mistake of getting into Mrs. St Elroy's Girls' School first, reached Mr Long's establishment. We found Ben looking very well & healthy. Tom took a great fancy to him & insist on his visiting him at New Hope. I wish he would too. He will be kindly treated there. The two Messrs Long looked about as usual. Young Mennah is flourishing. Ben, as I said, looks well, but I hardly think he is very happy there. He said nothing but I rather imagine he don't feel quite comfortable. From there we rode over to Attleboro to see Buck Wilson. (You remember Tom & he wrote me those two letters) & then I learned that the poor fellow was doomed to matrimony on the succeeding Saturday. Accordingly Tom & I returned slowly & sadly to New Hope meditating on his unhappy fate. On Saturday I came to the city. On Sunday called on Buck & his bride. He thought himself the happiest man out of Jail. What a pleasing delusion! On Monday afternoon I rode out to Bustleton to Bucks' fathers to attend the "homebringing" & had a jolly time. When we parted with poor Buck it was very sadly. He is a warm hearted fellow. On Tuesday Tom & I again went to New Hope & we had a delightful pic nic. The society there is very fine. On Wednesday, another frog hunt, when we killed 43 fine large ones, and had some of the girls over to eat them & a frolic in the evening. On Thursday I returned here & attended to my business preparatory to leaving. On Friday night I went to Jenny Lind's last concert & had to pay $5.00 for a ticket. I was a little disappointed at first. Her voice was not so shrill as I had expected. The "echo

song", however was incomparable. She went through such extensive modulations of voice with such apparent ease. Her attitude was very ungraceful, the right shoulder dropping about two inches below the left & both being too square. Altogether she left the impression of a singer far superior to any I had ever heard, though inferior to my expectations. Billetti is a good looking little fellow & an excellent singer. I saw several acquaintances there. Prof. McCartney of Easton, Cutler of Erie, Two of the Rutherfords, Dan Jordan & wife, and the Wilkinses & Beaves. On the latter I called yesterday afternoon & found Mrs. Janet Foster there. — They are all flourishing & want to be remembered to you. —

I heard in New Hope that Sarah Bishop is to be married on Tuesday. Congratulate the bride for me. She will be the fifth of my friends married within a month. Heaven help them all, for they need help.

Philadelphia seems but little altered during the year of my absence.

I expect to leave on Tuesday morning for Erie, via New York and the Erie road. You will therefore please direct your answer there. Write soon.

Mr. & Mrs. D. & Mattie are at the Capes. I had a great notion to run down too, but concluded I wouldn't have time. They, Aunt M. & Uncle L. & dear old "Cousin Mary" all send much love to you & father.

I have not seen any other of my hopeful relatives yet. They are nearly all boys. Bill Bladen called on me twice, but I was fortunately not at home. He is a donkey and a medical student — a combination of disagreeabilities which I have no intention of encountering. — Give my love to father, aunt, & the children. Adieu,

Your affectionate son
James H. Stuart.

Mrs. Gen. John Forster
Front Street
Harrisburg
Pa.

1851 July 5

Erie, July 5th 1851.

My dear dear Mother,

You can have no idea how delighted I was at the receipt of your last letter. It was so warm and motherly that I forgot the length of time it had been since my last to you and only remembered that I had the best of mothers as well as the most beautiful in it. How could I ever have said or done a thing to wound you? Forgive me, dear mother for my many faults, my roughness and rudeness. God only knows how I have reproached myself for ever causing you a pang. You who have ever shown the tenderest solicitude for me! But indeed my hardness was in manner only. I have ever loved you as only a son could do. — It is a silent rebuke to me to see how hard you take that little "affair du coeur" of mine. I assure you you feel it far more than I do. It was a mere boy's fancy and you tell me so, but like a wayward child I would not believe you. So near mine visited for me. I loved her for her pretty face. She had said enough that for one who [illegible] and on the strength of his claims the flood tide of affection welling from the depths of (though I say it) an upright and honorable heart. Don't feel hurt at anything the gossips may say. I tell you in strict confidence, that the rupture was desired by one whom mine carefully there by her fortune favored, was in allowing her to assume the responsibility and the credit (?) of the whole matter and me to appear in

the light of an ill used and martyred victim. I have returned her Daguerrotype and letters, and since then have hardly thought of her. Tell the family kindly and respectfully, I would not they should consider us recreant enough for anger. Any part of the transaction has conducted with perfect courtesy & politeness & treated me as a friend when I have acted as a fool. So much for that. I have passed the time without losing a pound of flesh or a laugh gay and hearty laugh. Think me not heartless. I can love to distraction where there is worth, but B. was merely the passing pleasant of a Schoolboy in his teens. I recently received quite a letter from Bew. He is improving fast & will make a good and probably great man. I love him like a full brother and will own him as such. What did you do with the glass case containing the birds — an Ottawa? I couldn't make out the word. I am glad you have them up and would like much to contribute more. Perhaps you may yet receive a Prairie flower to press. Thank Mont for his kindness. I know he would do [illegible] anything with [illegible] about to [illegible] his [illegible] merchandise. [illegible] both expressive. Upon appearance, [illegible] you, to have made the very disposition of the bird I would have done myself had I been here and that, of course, is paying you the highest possible compliment.

I hope Miss Barbara & her father will either come

this week or not for nearly a month. For my friend Dr. Ward wishes me to take his place as surgeon on the U.S. Steamer Michigan next week and go on a cruise to the Upper Lakes. If I go it will probably be simply a pleasure trip, and I am strongly tempted to do so for the opportunity on a good one & the money will not hurry. However, Mr. R. & family may return in time long enough for me to meet them. Anything you may have to send I can get from Mr. Wallace if they have it with him.

Since my return there has been but little sickness and consequently I have not been kept remarkably busy, except by my four hundred cases, some of which are troublesome enough. I have performed, (assisted by another, who in fact called me in to the case,) a formidable, though not difficult operation. There is no pay to be made, however, and owing to the character of the case, no notoriety. There is nothing for me from following like the revenues of $50,000 per annum that some of the French Metropolitan physicians make. — On the contrary I have been obliged to see the City authorities for the paltry sum of $10, which the men recommended have called me for a year and entreated to clear me of. — Our profession is too crowded. No money is to be made at it, and none but an ass would now enter it. — To day I purchased

a town (or City) lot on the Lake bank commanding a fine view of the Peninsula and Lake for $250. It occupies about the same relative position to Erie, as the Fox tavern above Apples does to N. and is 82½ by 165 feet. I bought to speculate, but may hold it to build on. Which of my aunts is it that owes me a letter for having used Pompey during my minority? I may possibly think of getting an answer by and by. Since my return Society has been quite gay for this season of the year. Several parties have been transacted (for such things in Summer are regular business transactions) and a delightful few nice. Jenny Lind sang recently in Buffalo. A number of our ladies (and we have lots of sweet ones) went down to hear her. Some succeeded and some didn't. Those who did secure tire of talking of her and those who didn't never tire of speaking of their disappointment. There are some Carlisle people now at the Rev. Mr. Byers, and I frequently talk with them of old places & times. At such a distance from home one can readily endure even Carlisles. I have been not hunting over since my return. We talked of Yellowstone regions. Give my love to Father & the children, the Bachelors, Bishops, Beatties, DeWitts, Hays', Porter Sutes, and all the rest of my numerous acquaintance. Write very soon again to

Your affectionate Son

James H. Stuart

1851 Aug. 13

Erie, Aug. 13th 1851

My Dear Ben,

Your last letter was such an improvement on all your former ones that I feel as if I owed you quite a long and elaborate answer for it, but you know my style is not an elaborate one and it will not do to force it. As for length, why "we shall see what we shall see" as the Frenchman hath it. You would oblige me exceedingly by spelling the word very with only one r. True it displays great generosity of disposition and a benevolent heart to use two, but it is not prudent. No waste is prudent, and the extra letter is a waste. The word there in the sentence "there are" is spelled "there" and not "their", (which is a possessive pronoun,) as you had it. Also "having" has no middle e which you gave it. The expression "Mr. Longs" is not correct. "The Messrs Long" would be right; just as "the Miss Bishops" is wrong, and "the Misses Bishop" right. For that error however you are excusable, Nine out of ten young people make the same mistake. But it is better to be right than wrong, especially when it is just as easy. You must excuse me for criticising your letter so closely, and remember it is a proof of my having read it attentively and of my anxiety to have my brother as nearly per

fect as possible. Nothing is more conducive to respectability than extreme accuracy in writing and speaking. A mistake in either jars exceedingly upon my sensibility. If you ever write for the press, as I have been doing a little recently, you will feel the advantage of perfect command of grammar & orthography. How would you like to have errors gaped and laughed at by the compositor of a printing office:- Our esteemed friend his Excellency the Most high and Mighty Governor of this Commonwealth, Wm. F. Johnson, murders the kings English most shockingly in his speeches. We had him here yesterday. I got no opportunity of seeing him, (or rather didn't call,) until he was just going out to commence his oration, and then we walked hand in hand to the platform, much to the chagrin of the Committee of arrangements who wanted to be the big men themselves. As soon as I thought how absurd it was for a Democrat like me to be mixed up with Whig speeches, I left instanter.

Dr. Corson has left home for a little town in Bergen Co. among the miners. He writes rather dismally from there and I replied with a furious invective against him for going at all.

I got a letter from Josh Elder recently. He is flourishing.

Mr. Buehler & Miss Annie arrived here last night from Harrisburg. All the people there are doing well. Mother wrote me a letter, a-

viewing an article of mine in one of the Medical Journals rather severely. She thinks I am too harsh. I know I am not; and am determined not to swerve from duty for any personal considerations. I have recently sued the City of Erie on a Bill. Judgment will be given to-morrow; I doubt not in my favor.

A few days since I bought a lot on the Lake Bank. The situation is good, the view delightful and I consider the property valuable. It is 82½ feet by 165 — larger than any of the Harrisburg lots. So I am now a freeholder, and have to pay taxes and all that sort of thing. Of course I must take a wonderful interest in the Railroads, and the improvement of the town; attend City meetings, and gas at them &c.

Parties are coming off extensively. Society very gay — an occasional wedding. Practice dull — just enough to prevent me from forgetting my profession.

Give my respects to the Misses Long & Bob Minnich. Write soon again to

Your brother

James

1852 Apr. 7

Erie, April 7th 1852.

Dear Ben,

"Procrastination is the thief of time". I have intended writing to you for a good while back, but something always interfered to prevent, and I kept putting it off, until now two months have elapsed since the date of your last. The fact is, I haven't much to say to you, and it is a great bore both to "make up" a letter and to read one when it is "made up". — You, of course, take no interest in the doses I administer or the wonderful reformations I am busied about in our profession. You don't care to hear of my sweethearts and love affairs; neither do my literary labors possess any great attractions for you. — You might be pleased to know that a small land speculation is doing well and that I am no worse off, perhaps a little better than when I came. But this detail of personalities is dry, and you don't care about any more grave & sober letters. What then shall I say. — Let me glance at your letter and see if that will help me any. — And first, I am pleased at its increased length. You are improving in that respect. The Orthography is better too; though you are not a "Webster's Spelling Book" yet. — In regard to the "Spoon & horn" I

am well acquainted with the saying. Your friend is right. It is of Scotch origin. My intentional misapprehension of it was occasioned by a perhaps ill judged desire to be a little funny at your expense. However, as you didn't "take" my wit was a failure.
In regard to the "smoking" (to use your orthography), although I do it myself, I can't exactly recommend it to my brother. It is decidedly a bad habit, and you will regret acquiring it.
No doubt you are now enjoying yourself at home, and I heartily congratulate you on being freed from the trammels and vexations of a boarding School.
You ask if I hear of George Humble. I did hear that he was making $10 000 a year, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a falsehood, being physically impossible. I suppose you will hear all kinds of reports concerning me in every respect, and all I have to say is Believe none of them. I am quite staving now acquiring a fortune; but doing just what I always have done; attending very specially to the welfare of No. 1. No doubt mother will let you read my Address before the Med. Soc. here, by which you will see that I am not totally unknown to the profession and the community.
Erie still continues very agreeable. The girls, pretty and lively; and every facility for quiet enjoyment. If you'll pay me a visit, I'll give you a share of my bed, get you boarded awhile, and show you the lions, and moreover be very much

pleased to see you. — Give my love to mother & the rest of the family. Tell her I have done a little sketch for Mag & will write & enclose it to morrow or next day.
I wish you'd visit my library and see that the mildew and mice are not undermining my literary property. If you can hunt up some of my old paintings of birds & stow them in a safe place I'd be greatly obliged.
Cassy De Witt is here now. She says your old flame Ellen Maroy has grown up into a beautiful & very attractive girl, and is quite a belle in H. I presume you will hardly enter the lists with the Whiskeradoes and Moustachioes of the army who will undoubtedly be in her train. I am glad to hear she has become pious, — a consummation her early youth gave little promise of. How does the dear old town look now? And all my lovely young lady friends? Fanny, Lenny, & the rest. I suppose Mrs. Rutherford & Mrs. Bishop remain in status quo. My best love to them. Remember me to everybody; old Dr. Malone &c. &c. Tell him I don't regret not going to Mauttontown, or Mudville, or whatever that place was called which he recommended me. I think there is something better in my future than the lot of a village pill vender. — Forgive my delay, & answer soon

Your brother
James

Ben Forster
Harrisburg
Pa.

Benjamin L. Forster
Care of Gen. John Forster
Front Street
Harrisburg
Penna.

Paid. Charge
Box 153. S. H. S.

1853 JAN. 16

Phil. Jan. 16th 1853.

Dear Ben,

Your note reached me here safely. I leave on Tuesday, after which direct to Erie. I called at the Columbia House to bid you adieu the day you left. — I see Morris frequently but have not yet called on Lenny Mahon. I've had no news from Harrisburg since leaving there. — Aunt & family are flourishing. They send love. Remember me to the Mess. Long

Your Brother

James